

CHRIST's KIRK on the GREEN;

In Two CANTO's.

NO. 250

CANTO the First, by King JAMES the Fifth.

WAS never in Scotland heard nor seen
Such Dancing and Deray?
Neither at *Rushyland* on the Green,
Nor *Rebels* at the Play,
As was of Woers as I ween
At *Christ's Kirk* on a Day;
For there came *Kates* washen clean
With her new Gown of Gray,

Fall Gray that Day.

To Dancē these Dainosel them Dight,
These Lasses light of Laite,
Their Gloves were of the Raffal right,
Their Shoes were of the Straits;
Their Kirtles were of *Lincoln*-light,
Well preft with many Plains;
They were so nice when Men they
They squell'd like any Gais. (neigh'd
Fall loud that Day.

Of all these Maidens mild as Mead,
Was none so gimp as *Gillie*,
As any Role her Rude was red,
Her Lire was like the Lillie,
But Yellow, Yellow, was her Head,
And the of Love so filly,
That all her Kin had sworne her Dead,
She would have none but *Willie*

Alone that Day.

She scorn'd *Jack*, and scripp'd at him,
And murgeon'd him with Mucks;
He would have loyd her, she would not
For all his yellow Locks, (let him
He cheriſhd her, she bade go char him,
She counted him not two Clocks:
So shameſilly his short *Jack* set him,
His Legs were like two Rocks,

Or Runns that Day.

Tom Lister was their Minſtreſ meet,
Good Lord, how he could Lance;
He play'd fo Shrif, and Sang fo Sweet
While *Tause* took a Trance:
Old *Lichtfoot* there he could forleſt,
And counterſtiffed *France*,
He held him like a Man difcreet,
And up the *Morit* Dance,

He took that Day.

Then *Stephen* came ſtepping in with ſtends
No Ring might him arreſt;
Splashfoot did bol with many bends,
For *Mafie* he made Requeſt,
He lap while he lay on his lends,
And riſing was fo preft,
While he did boath at both the Ends
For Honour of the Feſt,

And Danc'd that Day.

Then *Robin Roy* began to reval,
And *Tause* to him drugged:
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and calld him *Jewel*,
And by the Tail him rugg'd,
Then *Knife* clicked to a Kevel,
God wots as they two fugg'd:
They parted there upon a Nevel,
Men say, that Hair was rugged

Between them Two.

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,
And forth an Arrow drew,
He forged it fo ſcienceſly,
The Bow in flinders flew,
Such was the Grace of God, trow I,
For had the Tree been true;
Men ſaid, who knew his Archery,
That he had ſlain anew,

Elyve that Day.

A yap young Man that stood him neift,
Soon bent his Bow in ire,
And etled the Balrn in at the Breast,
The Bolt flew ov'r the Bare:
And cry'd fy, he hath Slain a Priest
A Mile beyond the Mire:
Both Bow and Bagg from him he kieſt,
And fled as fast as Fire.

From Flint that Day.

An hasty Kins-man calld *Harry*,
That was an Archer keen,
Tyed up a Tacke withouten tarry,
I trow the Man was teen:
I wot not whether his Hand did vary,
Or his For was his Friend:
But he elcapd by the Mights of *Mary*
As one that nothing meand'

But good that Day.

Then *Laurie* like a Lion lap,
And ſoon a Flain could fedder:
He height to pierce him at the Pape,
Thereon to wed a Wedder:
He hit him on the Wamb a wap,
It buff'lt like any Bladder.
He escaped fo, ſuch was his hap;
His Doublēt was of Leather

Fall fine that Day.

The Buff ſo bolterouſly abſt him,
That he to the Earth dudt down,
The other Man for Dead there left him,
And fled out of the Town.
The Wives came forth, and up they reſt
And found Life in the Lown; (him
Then with three routs they railed him
And cur'd him out of fown,

Fra Mair that Day.

The Miller was of manly make,
To meet him it was no Mowes:
There durſt not Ten-forne there him take
So cowed be their Power,
The Bushmen whole about him brake
And bucker'd him with Bows,
Then traſterouſly behind his Back,
They hack'd him on the Howes

Behind that Day.

Then *Huchon* with a Hazel Rice
To red gan through them rummil:
He muddl'd them down like any Mice
He was no pett yummil,
Tho' he was Wight, he was not Wife,
With ſuch jutors to jummil:
For from his Thumb there flew a ſlice,
While he cry'd barfumil,

Im Slain this Day.

When that he ſaw his Blood fo red
To ſee might no Man let him:
He trow'd it had been for old feed;
He thought and bade have at him.
He made his Peer defend his Head,
The far fairer is ſe him,
While he was paſt out of their Dread:
They muſt be wiſt that gat him.

Through Speed that Day.

Two that were Heads-men of the Herd,
They rulld on other like Rams:
The other Four which were unſear'd
Beat on with Barrow Trams.
And where their gobts they were ungear'd
They gat upon the Gams.
While that all Bloody waſ their Beards,
As they had worried Lambs,

Mofe I ket that Day.

They girt'd and glowered all at anes,
Each Goffip other grieved:
Some ſtriked Stings, ſome gathered Stanes,
Some fled, and ſome Relieved.
The Minſtreſ used quiet Means,
That Day he wifely prieved,
For he came hame with unbruis'd Banes,
Wherſ Fighters were miſchiev'd,

Fall ill that Day.

With Forks and Flails they leant them flaps
And flew together with Frigis;
With Bougers of Barnſtrey pierc'd blew
And of their Barns made Brigis: (Caps
The Rare roſe rudely with their Raps:
Then Rungs were laid on Rigs:
The Wives came forth with Cries and
See where my Likin Ligis, (Clap)

Ful low this Day.

The black Souter of *Braſh* was bowden,
His Wife hangt at his Waift:
His Body was in Black all browden,
He girted like a Ghaiſt.
Her glittering Hair was ſo gowden,
Her Love laſt from him Laſt,
That for his Sake ſhe was unyawden,
While he a Mile was chaſt,

And mair that Day.

When they had bei'd like baited Bulls,
The Bone-fires burn like Bails,
And then they grew a meek as Mules:
That wearied are with Mails;
For thoſe forſoughten tyred Fools,
Fell down like slaughter'd Frais,
Fresh Men came in and haſh'd the Dools,
And dang them down in Dails,

Bedens that Day.

The Wives then gave a hideous yell,
When all these Yonkers yoked,
As fierce as Flags of Fire haſh'd fell,
Fricks to the Field they flockt,
The Caſles with Clubs did others quell
On Breast while Blood out boaked,
So rudely rang the Common-bell,
That all the Steeple rocked

For Dred that Day.

By this *Tom Tailor* was in his Gear,
When he heard the Common-bell,
He ſaid, he ſhould make all a Stear
When he came there himſelf,
He went to fight with ſuch a Fear,
While to the Ground he fell,
A Wife that hat him ou the Ear,
With a great knocking Mell,

Fell'd him that Day.

The Bridegroom brought a Pint of Ale,
And bade the Piper Drink it,
Drink it quothe he, and it fo Stale,
Aſhrew me if I think it.
The Bride her Maidens stood near by,
And ſaid, it was not Blinked,
And *Berserks* the Bride fo gay,
Upon him fast the winked

Pull ſoon that Day.

When all was done Dick with an Ax
Came forth to fell a Fother, (ſmailes
Quoth he, where are you whoreſon
Right now that hurt my Brother?
His Wife bade him go hame *Gib Glaikis*,
And ſo did *My* his Mother:
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CANTO II. by Allan Ramsey.

250

Consider it werty, Read oftner than anys,
Wiel at an Blenk sie Poetry not Tanc is.

G. DOUGLAS.

BUT there had bin mair Blood and Skith
Sa'ir Harship and great Spuzie,
And mony a one had gotten his Death
By this unisonie Tooly:

Bot that the bald Good-wife of Braith
Arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,
Came Belly flaught and loot an Aith
She'd gar them i be hooly,

For fast that Day.

Blyth to win aff sie wj hale Blins,
Tho' mony had clow'r'd Pows,
And dragifd fye 'mang Muck and Stanes
They look'd like wirry Kows:

Quoth some who 'maist had tint their
Leis' feet how a Bowls rows, (Ayndis,
And quat this Brouilllement at aene,
You Gully is nae Mows,

Forsooth this Day.

Quoth Huschen, I am well content,
I think we may do war,
Till this Time Toumond P'st indent
Our Claihs of Dint wif' fa'r:

Wi Nevels I'm amait fawsy faints,
My Crafts are dung a char:
Then took his Bonnet, to the Bent
And dadded aff the Glar,

For clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in Time of Barle
Lay aff gin some had fell'd him,
Gat up now wi an unkly Rattle,
As nane there durst a quell'd him;
Bald Fie flew till him wi a Bratle,
And spite o'f's Teet he held him
Close by the Craig, and with her fatal
Kuite Shoar'd She would Geld him,

For Peace that Day.

Syne he wi se Consent shook Hands,
As they stood in a Ring;
Some redd their Hair, some for their Bands,
Some did their Sark Tails wryng;
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
They did their Minstrel bring,
Whare clever Houghs like Willi-wands
At ilky blythsome Spring,

Lap high that Day.

Claud Fely was na very blare,
He stoo'd m lang and beig;
For be the Wame he gripped Kate,
And gard her gie a Skreigh;
Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slave,
Ye flink o' Leeks, O' figh,
Let ga my Hands, I say, be quair,
And wog gin she was Skreigh,

And mim that Day.

Now fer'l'd Goffies fat, and keen
Did for fresh Bickere bire,
While the young Swankies on the Green
Took round a merry Tirlie:
Meg Wallis wi her pinky Een
Gart Lawrie's Heart-strings dirle,
And Folk wad threep that the did green
For that wad gar her Skirle,

And Skreigh same Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff
Came out to shaw good Will,
Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,
Cry'd, Gee me Patri's Mill:
He lap Bawk-high, and cry'd, had aff,
They rus'd him that had Skill;
He wad do't better quorth a Caf,
Had he another Gill,

Of U'quibes.

Furth started neist a pensy Blade,
And out a Maiden took,
They sayd that he was Fankland bred,
And danced by the Book,
A couple Taylor to his Trade,
And when their Hands he shook,
Gae them what he gat fra his Dad,
Videlies, the Youke,

To Claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did sic well,
He Meg and Besi did call up:
The Lasses bab'd about the Reel,
Gar'd a their Hurdles wallop,
And swat like Pownies when they spel
Up Bras, or when they gallop,
But a thrwn Knublock took his Heel,
And Wives had him to hawl up,

Haffeld'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale (them
Gae'd round whan Glouming how'd
The Offer Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Lasses rouze them;
Up wi them Laddis, and P'e be Bail
They'll lno' ye and ye tounze them:
Quoth Gansie, this will never fail,
Wi them that this gate wool's them

On sic a Day.

Syn Sclesand Furms were drawn aside,
And up raile Willie Daddie,
A short Hought Man, but fow' o' Pride,
He said the Fidler Play'd ill.
Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beside,
Quoth a, that is nae said ill:
He fited the Floor, syne wi the Bride,
To Curyfpon and Treeladdie,

Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by some Right did claim
To Kifs and Dance wi Mafe Aird,
A dink and dorth Dame,
But O poor Mafe's aff her guard,
For Back-gate frae her Wame,
Bekkin, the lot a fearfou Raird,
That gart her think great Shame,

And blith that Day.

Auld Steen led out Maggie Forfith,
He was her ain Good Britter;
And ilky aue was unkly blyth
To see ald Folk fae clever.
Quo Jock, wi laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my Mither?
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But she wad get anither,

Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dish,
And herwixt ilky Tune
He laid his Lugs, in' like a Fish,
And stuck till it was done:
His Bags were Liquor'd to his Wish,
His Face was like a Moon:
But he cou'd get nae Place to Pish
in, but his ain twa Shoon

For thrang that Day.

The Leter-gae of Hally Rhime
Sat up at the Boord-head,
And a he faid was thought a Crime
to contradict indeed.
For in Clark Lear he was right prime,
And con'd bath Write and Read,
He drank sie firm till ne'er a styme
He cou'd keek on a Bead,

Or Book that Day.

F I N I S.

When he was Strute twa sturdy Child
Be his Oxter and be's Collier,
Held up frae coupling of the Quels
The liquid Logick Scholar.
Whan he came hame his Wife did Reel
And Rampage in her Choler,
With that he brake her Spinning wheel,
That cost a good Rix Dollar,

And mair some say.
Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight
Were gaunding for their Reel,
For some were like to tyme their Sight
Wi Sleep and Drinking frest.
But others that were Stomach Tight
Cry'd out, It was nae best
To leave a Supper that was Dight,
To Brownies, or a Ghais,

To Eat that Day.

On whomsel Tubs lay two lang Dails,
On them stood mony a Goan,
Some fill'd wi Brachen, some wi Kail,
And Milk heat frae the Loan.
Of Daintis they had Routh and Wale,
Of which they were right son;
But naething wad gae down but Ale
Wi drunken Donald Don

The Sarks, that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
And twa good Junts of Beef,
Wi Hind and Fore-spawl of a Sheep,
Drew whistles frae ilk Sheath:
Wi Gravis a their Beards did dreep,
They Kempit with their Teeth,
A Kebuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep
It's Jane, pat on the Sheaf

In Stow that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
Her left Leg Ho was flung;
And Georgie Gib was fidget glad,
Because it hit Jean Gun:
She was his Jo, and ait had faid,
Fy, Georgie, had your Tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
But chang'd her Mind when bung,

That bung, day.

Tche! quo' Tousie, whan the law
The Cathel coming hen,
It pyppin heat gae'd round them a,
The Bride she made a fen,
To fit in Wyliecoat sie braw,
Upon her neither End,
Her Lad like ony Cock did Craw,
That meets a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith, and Dick,
Laurie and Huschen bauld,
Carles that keep nae very strict
Be Hours, tho' they were auld;
Nor cou'd they e're leave aff that Tric,
But whare good Ale was fald,
They drank a Night, one tho' auld Nick
Should tempt their Wives to scald

Them for't next Day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic Banqueting and Drinking,
Sic Revelling and Battles keen,
Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin:
And unk Wark that fell at E'ne,
Whan Lasses were haff Winkin,
They lost their Feet, and baith their Een,
And Maidenheads gae'd Linkin

Af, a that Day.

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His Legs were like two Rocks,
On Rungs that Day.

Tom Luster was their Minstrel meet,
Good Lord, how he could Lance;
He play'd so Shril, and Sang so Sweet
While Touſie took a Trance:
Old Lightfoot there he could forleſt,
And counterfeited France,
He held him like a Man discreet,
And up the Morris Dance,
He took that Day.

Then Stephen came stepping in with stendis
No Ring might him arrest;
Splayfoot did bob with many bents,
For Maste be made Reueſt,
He lap while he lay on his lents,
And rising was so preſt,
While he did boſt at both the Ends
For Honour of the Feaſt,
And Danc'd that Day.

Then Robin Roy began to revel,
And Touſie to him drugged:
Let be, quoth Jack, and call'd him Jewel,
And by the Tail him rugged,
Then Kenſie clicked to a Kevil,
God wots as they two jugged:
They parted there upon a Nevel,
Men say, that Hair was rugged
Between them Two.

With that a Friend of his cry'd fy,
And forth an Arrow drew,
He forged it so fiercely,
The Bow in flinders flew,
Such was the Grace of God, trow I,
For had the Tree been true;
Men said, who knew his Archery,
That he had slain anew,
Believe that Day.

A yap young Man that stood him neift,
Soon bent his Bow in ire,
And etled the Bairn in at the Breast,
The Bolt flew ov'r the Bare:
And cry'd fy, he hath Slain a Priest
A Mile beyond the Mire:
Both Bow and Bagg from him he kleft,
And fled as fast as Fire:
From Flint that Day.

An hasty Kins-man call'd Harry,
That was an Archer keen,
Tied up a Tackle withoutten tarry,
I trow the Man was teen:
I wot not whether his Hand did vary,
Or his Foe was his Friend:
But he escap'd by the Mights of Mary
As one that nothing meand
But good that Day.

Then Lawrie like a Lion lap,
And soon a Flain could fedder:
He height to pierce him at the Pape,
Thereon to wed a Wedder:
He hit him on the Wamb a wap,
It buff'd like any Bladder.
He escaped so, such was his hap;
His Doublent was of Leather
Full fine that Day.

The Buff so boſtiferously abait him,
That he to the Earth draf't down,
The other Man for Dead there left him,
And fled out of the Town.
The Wives came forth, and up they reſt
And found Life in the Lown; *(him*
Then with three rous they railed him
And cur'd him out of town,
Fra Hand that Day.

The Miller was of manly make,
To meet him it was no Mowes:
There durſt not Ten ſome there him take
So cowed by their Powes,
The Bulhument whole about him brake
And bucker'd him with 'Bows,
Then traitorously behind his Back,
They hack'd him on the Howes
Behind that Day.

Then Hatchon with a Hazel Rice
To red gan through them rummil:
He mudd'd them down like any Mice
He was no pety bummil,
Tho' he was Wight, he was not Wife,
With ſuch jutors to jummil:
For from his Thumbe there flew a ſlice,
While he cry'd barbhummil,
I'm Slain this Day.

When that he ſaw his Blood ſo red
To flee might no Man let him:
He trow'd it had been for old feed;
He thought and bade have at him.
He made his Feet defend his Head,
The fur fairer it ſet high,
While he was paſt out of their Dread:
They muſt be ſwift that gaſhim.
Through Speed that Day.

Two that were Heads-men of the Herd,
They ruff'd on other like Rams:
The other Four which were unfeard
Beat on with Barrow Trams.
And where their gobs they were ungear'd
They gaſt upon the Gams,
While that all Bloody wastheir Beards,
As they had worried Lambs,
Most like that Day.

They gird'd and glowered all at anes,
Each Goffy other grieved:
Some striked Stings, ſome gathered Stanes,
Some fled, and ſome Relived.
The Minſrel uſed quiet Means,
That Day he wifely priued,
For he came hame with unſcild Banes,
Wher Fighters were miſchiev'd,
Full ill that Day.

With Forks and Flails they leſt them flaps
And flew together with Frigs;
With Bougers of Barnſhey pier'd blew
And of their Bairns made Brigs: *(Caps*
The Rare roſe maled with their Raps,
Then Rungs were laid on Rigs:
The Wives came forth with Cries and
See where my Likin Lig. *(Claps*
Full low this Day.

The black Souter of Braith was bowden,
His Wife hang at his Waift:
His Body was ip Black all browden,
He gimed like a Ghraft.
Her glittering Hair was ſo gowden,
Her Love fast from him laift,
That for his ſake ſhe was unyauden,
While he a Mile was chaift,
And mair that Day.

When they had beir'd like baited Bullis,
The Bone-fire burnt like Bails,
And then they grew as meek as Mules:
That wearied are with Maih;
For thofe forfoughten tyred Pools,
Fall down like ſlaugther'd Frails,
Fresh Men came in and hau'd the Dools,
And dang them down in Dails,
Bedden that Day.

The Wives then gave a hideous yell,
When all theſe Yonkiers yoked,
As fierce as Flags of Fire-haught fell,
Fricks to the Field they flockt,
The Carles with Clubs did others quell
On Breast while Blood ſo boaked,
So rudely rang the Common-bell,
That all the Steeple rocked
For Dred that Day.

By this Tom Tailor was in his Gear,
When he heard the Common-bell,
He ſaid, he ſhould make all a Stear
When he came there himſelf,
He went to fight with such a Fear,
While to the Ground he fell,
A Wife that hat him ou the Ear,
With a great knocking Mell,
Fell'd him that Day.

The Bridegroom brought a Pint of Ale,
And bade the Piper Drink it,
Drink is quothe he, and it ſo Stale,
Aſhrew me if I think it.
The Bride her Maidens stood near by,
And ſaid, it was not Blinded,
And Bertrage the Bride ſo gay,
Upon him fast the winked
Full ſoon that Day.

When all was done Dick with an Ax
Came forth to ſell a Fother, *(fmaiks*
Quoth he, where are you whorſon
Right now that hurt my Brother?
His Wife bade him go hame Gib Glaik,
And ſo did Meg his Mother;
He turn'd and gave them both their Paiks
For he durſt ding no other,
But them that Day.

The END of the First CANTO.

CANTO II. by Allan Ramsey.

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Consider it werly, Read oftner than anys,
Wiel at an Blenk sic Poetry not Tane is.

G. DOUGLAS.

BUT there had bin mair Blood and Skaitch
Sair Harship and great Spulzie,
And mony aane had gotten his Death
By this unsonie Tously:

But that the bald Good-wife of Braith
Arm'd wi a great Kale Gully,
Came Belly-slaught and loot an Aith
She'd gar them a be hooly,

For fast that Day.

Blyth to win aff sic wi hale Blaies,
Tho' mony had clow'r'd Powis,
And dragi'd sic 'mang Muck and Stanes
They look'd like wirry Kows:

Quoth some who 'maist had tint their
Let's see how a Bowls rows, (Ayndis,
And quat this Broutinelement at anes,
You Gully is nae Mows,

Forsooth this Day.

Quoth Hutchon, I am well contente,
I think we may do war,
Till this Time Toumond P'st indent
Our Clauths o' Dint wi' P'st:

Wi' Nevez I'm amait fawn faint,
My Chafis are dung a char:
Then took his Bonnet, to the Bent
And jaded off the Glar,

For clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in Time of Bartle
Lay as gin some had sell'd him,
Gat up now wi an unk Rattle,
As nane therer durst a quell'd him;
Bald B'st flew till him wi a Brattle,
And spite o' s' Teeth she held him
Closy to the Craig, and with her fatal
Knife Shoar'd She would Geld him,

For Peace that Day.

Syne e wi a Confess shook Hands,
As they stood in a Ring;
Some redd their Hair, some set their Bands,
Some did their Sark Tails wring;
Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
They did their Minstrel bring,
Whare clever Houghs like Willi wands
At ilky-blythsome Spring,

Lap high that Day.

Claud Peky was na very blare,
He stood na lang a beig;

For be the Wame he gripped Kate,
And gard her gee a Skreigh;

Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slave,
Ye stink o' Leeks, O' figh,
Let gae my Handis, I say, be quait,
And wow gin the was Skreigh,

And min that Day.

Now seit'd Goffies fat, and keen
Did for fresh Bickere bire,
While the young Swankles on the Green
Took round a merry Tisle:

Mag Wallie wi her pinky Een
Gart Lawrie's Heart-strings dirle,
And Folk wad threep that did green
For that wad gar her Skirle,

And Skreigh some Day.

The manly Miller haff and haff
Came out to shaw good Will,
Flang by his Mitten and his Staff,
Cry'd, Gee me Eath's Mill:

He lap Bawk-high, and cry'd, had aff,
They rus'd him that had Skill;
He wad do better quoth a Caf,
Had he another Gill,

Of Ujquebas.

Furth started neist a penfy Blade,
And our a Maidentook,
They sayd that he was *Fauchland* bred,
And danced by the Book,
A couple Taylor to his Trade,
And when their Hands he shook,
Gae them what he gat fra his Dad,
Videlies, the Youke,

To Claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did ga well,
He *Mer* and *Be's* did call up:
The Lasses babby'd about the Reel,
Gard a their Hurdles wallop,
And fwat like Pownies when they speel
Up Bras, or when they gallop,
But a thrawn Knablock took his Heel,
And Wives had him to hawl up,

Haffell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale (them
Gae'd round whan Glouming hour'd
The Oster Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Lasses rouze them;
Up wi them Lads, and P'st be Bail
They'll Jno ye and ye touze them:
Quoth *Gaufrie*, this will never fail,
Wi them that this gate wo's them

On sic a Day.

Syn Stoeland Furms were drawn aside,
And up raise *Willie Daddie*,
A short Hought Man, but sown a' Pride,
He said the Fidler Play'd ill.
Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beside,
Quoth a, that is nae said ill:
He fittit the Floor, synge wi the Bride,
To *Castrypoon* and *Trestadle*,

Thick, thick that Day.

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by forme Right did claim
To Kis and Dance wi *Mafie Aird*,
A dink and dortie Dame.
But o' poor *Maye* was aff her guard,
For Back gate frae her Wame,
Bekkin, the lot a fearso' Raird,
That gart her think great Shame,

And blith that Day.

Auld Steen led out *Maggie Forsyth*,
He was her ain Good Brither;
And ilky ane was unkly blyth
To see ald Folk sic clever.
Quo Jock, wi laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my Mither?
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But the wad get anither,

Goatman this Day.

Tam Luster had a muckle Dish,
And berwixt ilky Tune
He laid his Lugs, isn't like a Fish,
And fuckt till it was done:
His Bags were Liquor'd to his Wish,
His Face was like a Moon:
But he cou'd get nae Place to Pish
in, but his ain twa Shoon

For strang that Day.

The *Leter-gae* of Hally Rhime
Sat up at the Boord-head,
And a he said was thought a Crime
to contradict indeed.
For in Clark Lear he was right prime,
And could bath Write and Read,
He drank sic firm till ne'er a styme
He cou'd keen on a Bead,

Or Book that Day.

When he was Strute twa flurdy Chickil
Be his Oxter and be's Collier,
Held up frae coupling o' the Creels
The liquid Logick Scholar,
Whan he came hame his Wife did Reel
And Rampage in her Choler,
With that he brake her Spinning-wheel,
That cost a good Rix Dollar,

And mair some say.

Near Bed-time now ilk weary Wight
Were gaunting for their Rest,
For some were like to tyne their Sight
Wi Sleep and Drinking frest.
But others that were Stomach Tigher
Cry'd out, It was nae best
To leave a Supper that was Dight,
To Brownies, or a Ghaff.

To Eat that Day.

On whomest Tubs lay twa lang Dails,
On them stood mony a Goan,
Some fill'd wi Brachen, some wi Kail,
And Milk heat frae the Loan.
Of Daimihs they had Routh and Wale,
Of which they were right son;
Bur naithing wad gae down bitt Ale
Wi drunken *Donald Dex*

The Smith, that Day.

Twice aught Bannocks in a Heap,
And twa good Junts of Beef,
Wi Hind and Fore-spawl of a Sheep,
Drew whistles frae ill Sheath:
Wi Gravie a their Beards did dreep,
They Kempit with their Teeth,
A Kebeck syne that 'maist cou'd creep
It's lane, pat on the Sheaf

In Stew that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
Her left Leg Ho was flung;
And *Gordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
Because it hit *Jean Gun*:
She was his Jo, and ait had faid,
Fy, Gordie, had your Tongue,
Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
But chang'd her Mind when bung

That very Day.

Tches! quo' *Tousie*, whan the law
The Cathel coming ben,
It pyppin hear gaed round them a,
The Bride the made a fen,
To fit in Wyliecoat sic braw,
Upon her neither End,
Her Lad like ony Cock did Craw,
That meets a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they.

The Souter, Miller, Smith, and Dick,
Laurie and Hutchon bauld,
Carles that keep nae very strift
Be Hours, tho' they were auld,
Nor cou'd they e're leave aff that Trick,
But whare good Ale was faid,
They dranks a Night, an' tho' auld Nick
Should tempt their Wives to scald

Them for't next Day.

Was ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic Banqueting and Drinking,
Sic Revelling and Baules keen,
Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin:
An unk Wark that fell at E'ne,
Whan Lasses were haff Winkin,
They lost their Feet, and bath their Een,
And Maidenheads gae'd Linkin

Aff, a that Day.

F I N I S.